

years they stand at a disadvantage when compared with better taught cotemporaries.

If I followed my inclination, I should conclude my remarks with a rhapsody about public school life as resembling an auriferous mine, in which, deep down below the surface, amidst bruising rocks and much stamped-up mire, there are to be won particles of gold, pure gold, precious to the finder and the world, but such enthusiasm is apt to appear the offspring of a fond delusion, and therefore I prefer to finish my remarks in a less lofty tone, in less of the "*ercles vein*." In public school life as I knew it a quarter of a century ago there were two great advantages, namely, the absence of too much interference on the part of the masters, and consequent opportunity for self-development. I realise vividly the danger of too much method in training, and wholly agree with Dr. Geikie that it is folly to attempt to straighten a pig's tail by putting it in splints.

I am wholly of opinion that education must largely be a matter of faith rather than sight, and that some risk is indispensable for the highest results in this as in almost every important business, and I do not know that anyone has better summed the matter up than Judge Denman, when he said that "if boys go to school they become sad dogs, but if they stay at home they remain poor devils."

CHANGE OF AIR.

A face, and all the dreariness
That gathers over wonted ways
Clears, sun-dispelled. A happy heart
Cons quiet thoughts of peace and praise.

It is enough; hope has no more—
A long, sweet, breezy tract, that leads
No whither, draws full-willing feet,
And heart that sings to-day, nor heeds

A morrow in its lay. What call
To plan and ponder further good,
When all the bliss that here may be
This gentle pleasure doth include:—

To look into thy friend's true eyes,
To know him larger than thou art,
And, in that freedom of the soul,
With fetters of the clay to part?

Sweeter than Love, for Love would own,
Would measure, hold, with wreaths confine;
But, my good friend, I choose thee free,
Nor would restrict thy life to mine.

Else, were we one—a narrower joy;
An ampler self, the dubious gain:
More blest, two several lives have I,
Another being do attain.

And, ah, what ease!—to quit the Self
Whose weight doth so oppress our state,
And breathe a changèd mental air,
At large, and, as a child, elate.

To think with other, juster thoughts,
 To see with clearer, kinder eyes;
 In each day's cross perplexities
 To wait an outer judgment's rise:

Of personal issues, cares, annoys,
 To 'scape the too contracting round,
 Find centre in another's sphere,
 In larger, sweeter interests bound:

From jarring of contrary minds,
 From sadder scorn of all within,
 From rivalries and meannesses,
 From questionings that are of sin,—

To rise into the quiet place
 Of a serener, holier soul,
 And lay the heart to rest therein—
 A stage towards the final goal.

TWO EXTREMES IN EDUCATION.

BY LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH.

It is apparently an inevitable misfortune attending all human life, that every movement of any importance in one direction, whether the direction is a right or a wrong one, is followed sooner or later by reaction to the opposite extreme.

I owe an apology to my readers for beginning my article with so unblushing a truism. But it is a truism that needs to be laid to heart by everyone, and with regard to the special subject of this paper, it has been, I cannot but think, rather disastrously ignored.

Old people, and indeed many of us who are not far past middle-age, will remember the stern discipline of their childish days. The general principle of early training used to be above all things repressive. Children were to be seen and not heard. They were not to ask questions, not to make a noise, not to go nearer the fire than the hearthrug's outer boundary. They were to eat plain food, and be thankful for what was set before them; no preferences being permitted. Early to bed and early to rise was the rule; washing operations involved unmitigated cold water, occasional soap-dashes in the eye, much rubbing of hair and skin the wrong way. Lessons were "stony griefs" indeed, more or less of the type immortalised in "David Copperfield" when he was in the clutches of Mr. Murdstone. Holidays were few and far between, the necessity for "change of air" was undreamt of, and children remained most of the year in one place. Playthings were primitive and scanty: the time-honoured hoop, Noah's ark, box of bricks, spotted horse on four peg-legs, and jointed doll, pretty nearly summed up the contents of the most favoured nursery; and as to treats, picnics, tea-parties, and such-like dissipations, they were hardly known